

PEOPLE & THINGS

THE appointment of M. Jean Chauvel to be the new French High Commissioner in Vienna is a significant one, for M. Chauvel, as a past head of the Quai d'Orsay and as architect of the French Diplomatic Service since the war, is a man of great power and influence.

The appointment seems to show that, in the French view, the collapse of E.D.C., with its threat of diplomatic isolation for France, makes it important to have a representative of the highest calibre in the wings of the Iron Curtain, and M. Chauvel's mission has excited those who invest even post-war diplomacy with the drama of the chessboard.

Homme de Carriere

M. CHAUVEL, now fifty-seven, was last in Vienna as First Secretary when Hitler marched into Austria. In 1944 he escaped to Algiers, where General de Gaulle made him Secretary-General of the Foreign Office, and from 1945 to 1949, with the rank of ambassador, he remained in Paris as head of the Quai d'Orsay. After a period as chief of the French delegation to U.N., he was appointed ambassador to Switzerland where, during the Geneva Conference, he was called upon to act as lieutenant first to M. Bidault then, on the fall of the Laniel Government, to M. Mendès-France.

M. Chauvel, a man of refinement and great learning, is a diplomat of the first rank and his appointment last week to Vienna is an event of importance.

Holes in the Ground

BUILDING contractors in the City might be wise to insure themselves against discovery by

By ATTICUS

their excavators of Roman remains, for archaeology now clearly ranks as a building hazard. But it can also be an asset, and the discovery of the Lascaux caves in 1940 on the Montignac property of the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld is a case in point.

Visitors to these famous prehistoric art galleries may be surprised to learn that, of the 155 francs entrance fee, 150 francs go to the Comtesse and five towards the upkeep of the road to the caves. With more than 50,000 visitors a year, the Comtesse thus makes an annual profit of over £5,000 from the hole in her grounds.

She has also undertaken to finance the work of speleologists and prehistorians in the caves, but she is understandably less impatient than they are to start work on their main project—the discovery of the original entrance.


Wages of Fame

THE two boys whose terrier found the first opening during a rabbit hunt have been guides at the caves since they left school, but they hide their light under a bushel for fear that visitors should imagine they made a fortune out of the discovery.

Winter Wear

(ADVERTISEMENT)

DO YOU WISH TO AVOID BEING STRANDED?



Then, try our Patent Antipartic Collar, which enables Continuum to resist the stresses of London in perfect safety at all hours of the day or night.

THREE UNIQUE ARTICLES OF DRESS

Are made to measure, of the best steel, and are warranted to withstand the rigors of the day.

THE MOST MUSCULAR RUBBER IN THE METROPOLIS.

This would get back in the first minute before he would make the slightest impression upon his intended victim. They are highly polished, and

Elegantly finished with the Sharpest Spikes.

Thus combining a most modern apparatus with perfect protection from the modern attacks which occur every day in the most frequented thoroughfares. From 12. 6d. to 18. 6d. per pair.

WHYLL, CHOKER, AND CO.

WHAT with the end of Summer Time, the lengthening nights and the grisly muggings recorded in the Press, it seems appropriate to remind the prudent citizen of this precautionary device, in vogue when the infamous London Garotters were abroad in the winter of 1855.

Anglo-Russian Relations

IT is appropriate that the Duke of Wellington should be with the Parliamentary delegation now in Moscow for as Third Secretary Lord Gerald Wellesley was in St. Petersburg when the first British Parliamentary delegation ever to visit Russia arrived in January, 1912.

The delegation, in addition to Lord Charles Beresford, George (afterwards Lord) Lloyd, Lord Hugh Cecil, Lord Amphil and Maurice Baring, included four bishops. It was regally entertained and departed laden with gifts which included three bears, one weighing 800 pounds.

When the delegation left from Smolensk on the evening of February 4, a committee of Russian bishops turned up at the railway station to bid a last farewell to their English colleagues. The whole delegation was asleep

and Maurice Baring was awakened to deal with the Russian bishops.

"Go away," he said sleepily in Russian. "You can't see the English bishops. They're all drunk."

Housewife's Choice

A LARGE curved strablismold contraption resembling a single-seater Flying Saucer has arrived in Broadcasting House from New Delhi. This is the first solar cooker and the B.B.C. propose to fry eggs with it during a television programme on October 11.

Whether the English weather will co-operate with the B.B.C. is another matter, but the more fortunate Indians are able to cook rice with this apparatus in exactly twenty minutes.

The scientific committee which has been considering the use of solar heat for cooking and heating, with an eye to the day only 200 years hence when our coalfields are exhausted, have reached rather defeatist conclusions. But such experts as Dr. Harold Heywood, who championed the system before the British Association the other day, point to the success of M. Felix Trombe's solar energy laboratory in the Pyrenees.

"Oeufs Miroir"

HIGH up in the mountains the solar rays are reflected by a bank of 516 plate-glass mirrors which follow the sun under the guidance of photo-electric cells. A gigantic parabolic reflector made up of 3,500 curved mirrors concentrates these rays into a solar furnace producing a temperature of 2,500°C., which melts iron bars as though they were snowballs.

Solar water-heaters have been on sale in America for many years and, in fortunate countries like Egypt, it is estimated that a year's sunlight energy falling on one acre is equal to 1,200 tons of coal.

Since the equivalent 1954 yield per English acre will hardly be more than a scuttiful, one can only wish the B.B.C. the best of luck with their eggs.

Mots Justes

ONE of the greatest of post-war literary discoveries was Marcel Proust's early novel "Jean Santeuil," which more or less bridges the gap between "Les Plaisirs et Les Jours" and the first volume of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu."

Labyrinthine in syntax, and running to over 400,000 words, its translation would have taxed even Scott Moncrieff, but Gerard Hopkins, the famous translator of Romain Rolland, and Maurice Maugham, tells me he is making good progress and that the book will be published next year by Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

French scholars will not be surprised to learn that in this, as in all his other translations, it is the innocent words like *volupté*, *pathétique*, *esprit* and *spiritue*, that this master of his craft finds the most difficult to render, according to the context, into exact and appropriate English.

Bombshell

A LITERAL-MINDED Naval officer has caused me much mental agony by casually repudiating me for speaking of "sunset."

"I assume you are referring to a horizon-rise," he said. "There aren't such things as 'sunrises' and 'sunssets.' It's time we all gave up using flat-earth language."